

[Rollie C. Burns]

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[Warren, Ivey G.]

[November 24, 1936] Interview

[Lubbock County?]

[District 17?]

[Buffalo Tales Of Early Days?]

[Pg. 1?] Tales -Anecdote [?] [Bibliography?]

Rollie C. Burns

“ I killed my first buffalo when I was sixteen years old,” said Rollie C. Burns as he [sat?] in the Lubbock Courthouse and related experiences of early days. “It was in the spring of 1873 , I had just run off from home and joined an expedition to the northwest part of the states. This was a company of 110 men under the leadership of Elmond J. Davis, who was the only Republican Governor that Texas has ever had.

“Well, we had [gotten?] over here in the north part of the county and we [began?] to run short of meat ? One evening and they sent four of us [men?] out to hunt some buffalo. They were plentiful then and we did not expect any difficulty in finding all that we would need, but after we had gone some distance from the camp and had not seen any, [?] men decided to [separate?] and scatter out. As I was the youngest one in the bunch they left me to stand and watch at the point where we [separated?], while they went on. In a

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little while after they left I sighted a buffalo and when it got close enough I [?] [?] down with my six-shooter. I got him [alright?][alright?] and that was the only one that we killed that evening, but [it?] furnished us with plenty of meat. We usually had very little trouble [though?] in locating and killing buffalo or antelopes [?], so we generally had all the meat to eat that we wanted. The buffalo used to roam in big herds all [?] the plains, but about this time people [?] began to kill them solely for their hides [and?] [?] three years, from 1873 to 1876 there [were?] [?] 10,000 buffalo slaughtered.

“ I killed a number of buffalo after that”, Mr. Burns continued, " I have [?] horns now that i got off of buffalo that I killed, but I never kept but one hide. I [?] it down the size of my bed and used to take it with me when I went on trips over the country. We always took a roll of bedding with us then and slept on the ground. After I got my buffalo hide I would just take it and my blanket along[.? [At?] night I would spread the hide on the ground, then put the blanket over it, [?] in [and roll up?]. It made a good bed, soft and warm too. C12- Texas 2 The buffalo looked black at a short [distance?], but [??] hair was examined, it was found that the main color was a beautiful brown [.?] It was only the tip ends of the hair that was black, but as I said, this gave the buffalo an appearance of being black. “

“ I killed two buffalo out here not far from Lubbock”, Mr. Burns went on. " I do not recall the [?] date [???], but it was sometime in the "80's". I killed one of them down here where Slaton is now and I killed the other one over here about Shallowater. Of / course there was not [?] a town at either place then. I was out ridding riding around and came up on them[[.?] I always carried my six-shooter with me, so I shot them.

“ The last buffalo I killed is said to have been the last [on?] one that was killed on the plains.” Mr. Burns smiles and his eyes twinkle when he tells this. " I took some of the meat home to my wife[?] She never had eaten any buffalo meat and wanted to try it, so I [cut?] about 50 pounds off of the hump on the buffalo's back and put it on my horse and took it home. That was in 1885, my wife and I had been married about a year then and we were

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living near Ceder Lake in Gains County, on the Square and Compass Ranch where I had a job as manager of the outfit[?].

Mr. Burns is now 79 years old. He is well, known in Lubbock and over the surrounding country. He served as County Tax Collector for 14 years and was County commissioner for Precinct No. 3 for 8 years. beginning his first term as Commissioner when Mr. [Wheellock's?] term in that office expired. 1 [???

[?], Mrs. [Wyndham?]

December 9th, 1936

Lubbock County

District 17

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BIBLIOGRAPHY: Personal Interview R.C. Burns "Rollie Burns" by Dr. W.C.Holden
"[REMINISCINGS OF A CATTLEMAN?]"

This is a story, which involves life and death among the wild animals on the South Plains, one which [indicator?], that after all animals do not differ very much from people, both having one and the same incentive, that of self-preservation

It was in the summer of 1884, if I recall correctly, while riding the range I saw an antelope being run down by three coyotes.

Antelopes as a rule always run in a / straight line unless they are being pursued, in [?] case they will eventually move in a wide circle, like wild horses do.

As I came upon the ridge I saw the antelope running in a circle with one coyote in pursuit. Stopping to watch the procedure, I noticed the coyote that was doing the running, drop out,

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and [the?] an other one [taking?] took up the chase. This coyote made several circles and then he too dropped out and the third one followed circling process. It is beyond a doubt that these coyotes were using the same tactics [which?] that men use when running down wild horses. The longer the chase lasted, the smaller the circle got to be and the more distance the coyote could cut and thus exhaust his prey. Watching this scene for several hours mind you. I did not [interfere?] for I secretly admired the strategy and cunning which these animals displayed, and I felt that therefore they were entitled to their prey.

Talk about wild horses, mustangs, I guess they were about as plentiful as rabbits, and they were beauties too. A friend of mine had been wanting me to go with him to gather some horses that had gotten mixed up with mustangs for some time. [Seems?] that a pal of his had taken about [sixty?] 60 cow ponies to New Mexico for him to sell[(?)] The horses had stampeded / and since he was unable to round them up, they became mixed with the [?] and had been running with them all this time. Well, we located them [?]

[???] 2 at a lake near Estacado, and we ran them down, [?] We finally got them so [??], we could drive then wherever we wanted them to go. In this bunch of branded horses and mustangs was a blood bay stallion, a beautiful animal and he was the leader. He tried his best to persuade the hrrd to cut loose, arching his neck, dashing by us, biting and kicking the other horses, trying to [scare?] them away from us. Well, I hate to say it, but I had to shoot him, in order for us to be able to manage the herd, and we didnt have [no?] more trouble getting the rest of the horses in the corrals. [A Buzzards Roost?]

“ This ain't so [?] a story, but its [true?],” One day I [saw?] a buzzard light on the edge of the Cap Rock and then it disappeared. That got my [?] [?] good and proper and I figured it had to be his nest. I had always wanted to see what one looked like, so I tied my horse/ and up I climbed. When I got to the [top?] I found a cave and in it a nest with a mother [buzzard?] and two young'ns. The minute she saw me she began flopping her flippers and to [vomit?]. I ducked just in time to avoid being hit and when I went closer again, she again began to [vomit?] at me. It was the [worst?] smelling scent I ever came in contact with,

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and I allowed that if that was her way of defending her [brood?], I would be the last man to [shoot?] her. I don't believe that anything on earth would eat a buzzard, though I am not so certain about coyotes.